

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORYLinen Slip-On  
Dress Trim  
And Practical

## An Absolute Cure.

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

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WHEN Carlton Dane was basking in the sunshine of Sara Stafford's eyes, he knew it was Sara he wanted. While under the witching spell of Adele Wentworth's attractive ways, he felt equally certain that only Adele could adequately fill the void in his life.

Granted that he loved them both which would make the better wife? He would put them to the test. And what greater test could ever come to any one than the ordeal of sickness—vague, indefinite disease, involving time and money—and quite possibly, an unhappy ending? Whoever could meet that cheerfully, efficiently, without shrinking, would show up well under any trial life might offer.

And the following evening Carlton sought Adele. "Do you know," he began very soon after the preliminary expressions of greetings were over and they were comfortably seated in the one tiny sitting room Adele's beautiful but diminutive apartment afforded for entertaining. "Do you know anything about—?" giving a long Latin name.

"Why, no," said Adele in astonishment.

"I don't, either, but the doctor says—mind you, I don't think I have it, or at least not in an advanced stage—and I believe it may always be postponed."

"I have an idea," she said suddenly. "You ought to go to the Summer Sanitarium," said Adele. "It is a simply wonderful place and they are effecting all kinds of cures. You simply must go."

Carlton, wondering how Sara could possibly be more solicitous, hesitated, then said he would let her know very soon. The conversation turned temporarily to other topics, although Adele showed a tendency to hark back at intervals to the wonders of the Summer Sanitarium, its curative sun parlors, its marvelous food, its efficient nursing personnel. She certainly wanted him to be cured all right, and Carlton left with a warm little feeling about his heart. Now to put Sara to the test.

To be quite frank, Sara did not measure up to it as Adele had done—nor as he had expected. "Sara," he had said gently, "would you feel badly if you thought I was—well, not exactly suffering, but well, possibly destined to suffer from a serious—er—affection?"

Sara had looked puzzled. "Tell me all about it," she had said. Carlton had blundered through a web of deceit, seeking to make as few misstatements as possible in order to have fewer to retract at some future day. "I am thinking of going to the Summer Sanitarium," he concluded.

"Oh," said Sara briefly. "Oh." Carlton, reviewing the conversation as he walked, homeward, decided that Sara was quite indifferent to his welfare and that Adele was the woman for him. The firm owed him a couple of weeks' vacation. He would run up to this excellent sanitarium, thus making Adele feel that he valued her advice. On his return he would announce a complete cure, thus saving his face and avoiding any explanations. Furthermore, he would proceed to ask Adele the vital question, buy the wedding ring and wait the happy day.

A week later Carlton paced a dejected end of the station platform. He was on his way to sun parlors and nourishing food and splendid nursing. All thanks to Adele's interest. As for Sara—well, Sara, when he telephoned had merely wished him the best of luck, and mumbled what day and on what train he left.

"How are you feeling today?" spoke up a sweet voice behind him. Carlton turned abruptly on his heel, a simple hat, long trim slippers beneath which showed the blue-gray hem of her nurse's uniform. Did not disguise Sara.

"Why, Sara," he said in surprise, "not taking this train, are you?" He looked questioningly at her bag.

"Why—why—yes, I hope so," said Sara, a queer little catch in her voice. "But it's up to you. I happen to know that the sanitarium, being so new and all, is terribly short of nurses. I thought perhaps you would let me go along with you and say I was recommended for your case by a doctor. I'd love to do it!"

The intensity of her expression left no doubt of her sincerity.

"But I didn't know you could nurse," objected Carlton.

"Oh, yes," and Sara brushed the remark aside impatiently. "I took the training while you were in France. That part of it's all right."

"You want to go and look out for me," said Carlton, slowly, impressively, as one upon whom a great light breaks.

A wave of color flooded Sara's pretty face. "Well," she said, "I must confess that at first I thought Adele had just been trying to rope in another patient for her old doctor's sanitarium and had gotten you when you imagined there was something the matter with you. But afterward—"

"Excuse me," said Carlton, peremptorily. "Her old doctor's sanitarium—what do you mean?"

"Why, that Dr. Summer she's going to marry. It isn't announced, but, of course, everybody knows."

"Of course, of course," murmured Carlton hastily. Then, glancing back his shoulders, he looked squarely into Sara's true blue eyes. "Sara," he said solemnly, "if confession is good for the soul, I am sure it is good for the health—and when I am through confessing you'll agree that I am perfectly well. I only hope my sudden recovery won't make you distrust me utterly. Do you think it will?" he asked anxiously.

Sara looked frankly up at him. No Carlton, she said gently. "Nothing could ever do that."

Carlton glanced quickly about him. They were alone. "Darling," he whispered, taking both hands in his, "let's not take the train!"

## ONLY ROOM FOR ONE.

MEMPHIS.—"We were married here and went to Birmingham the same day and registered at a hotel. Then my husband left and said he would find more convenient living quarters. He must have succeeded, for I haven't seen him since," Bessie Allen informed his son.



By CORA MOORE.

## New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, July 13.—The practicability of the "slip-on" dresses that have been in vogue this summer is appreciated most of all by the actresses. One of the Paramount players evolved this model. It is of white sear-line and fastens with the two buttons and a snap on the waist, although it appears to be much more complicated. The waist is cut to hip-length and made in cross-over effect. The skirt with the drapery across the back and sides is attached to the belt so that the whole thing can be slipped on together and fastened up trix and trim in next to no time at all.

Furthermore, the frock launders easily. The near-line itself, like linen, improves with every contact with water and the drapery can be let out straight for pressing, then caught to the skirt either with snaps or a few stitches.

CONFESSIONS  
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920.)

Whenever Bob forbids me to do a thing, it suddenly becomes the only thing I care to do. I've never had the slightest desire to smoke—not even in college, when the girls used to buy "fags" and think they were desperately "sporty" when they smoked in the dormitory with a guard at the top of the stairs, and incense burning in a brazier. Oh, what a sad compound that oriental odor made with American tobacco! Only a matron who had lost all her senses could have failed to detect it.

I never joined in the smoking. It seemed a silly affectation. The usually made the fudge for the crowd.

And so I knew perfectly well that I didn't care in the least about taking up the nicotine fad. But if my husband commanded me not to smoke, why, his order became an incentive!

And so, in spite of my recent determination to be as humble as Bluebeard's first wife, and to avoid all big and little differences of opinion with Bob, I found myself heading once more for the hard rock of his pronounced displeasure!

"Bob is most unfair!" said myself to myself. "He smokes a good deal. I'd like to know what sex has got to do with smoking!"

As we walked over to call on Ann and present Bob's little gift, I put my query thus:

"You wouldn't use enough tobacco to harm a hummingbird, my dear. 'It's the looks of the thing. My love, I will not let my wife smoke. If you use tobacco at home, you'll do so in public. I will not have other men see my wife behind a cigarette. That ends it!"

Oh, la! la! I laughed, but my mirth concealed a very serious rebellion. "Oh, la! la! Do all husbands feel that way?"

"A lot of 'em do, I'm pretty sure. I've heard the fellows talk, you see."

"I don't expect to smoke at home, Bob," I protested. "Only for exhibition. That's why most women do, you know."

"To show their rings, I suppose, and their manicures!" said my husband, who sometimes becomes unexpectedly cynical.

"And to permit other women's husbands to light their cigarettes for them!" I added, with a little shrug of a shoulder, and a quick glance at Bob.

"No use discussing it. My girl don't do it. See? Bob is apt to grow careless of his rather bookish English whenever he assumes a masterful way with me. He always pretends that he is half in jest, but I've learned that his most stubborn mood follows close behind that little assumption of humor."

Of course Ann "perfectly loved" the little cigarette case. She had quite a child-like spasm of joy over it. But when she tried to fit her own cigarettes into it, her joy turned to mock grief. They were too large. Bob had forgotten that Ann never uses the delicate expensive trifles which are rolled especially for a few putts in the boudoir and the hotel lounge. Ann particularly affects the brands the boys buy. That is the fad of the sophisticated, it seems.

"I'm going down town this morning and order cigarettes to fit this gorgeous case," she exclaimed. "Special ones—with my monogram! Come with me, Jane!"

"I'd love to," I replied. "I'm go-

Can Without Sugar, But Be Very  
Careful, Is Sister Mary's Warning

By SISTER MARY.

The Department of Agriculture has just issued a bulletin urging housekeepers to can all the fruit possible—without sugar if necessary.

Canning without sugar is practical in the case of certain fruits, but the woman who attempts it in the ordinary home kitchen, with the usual domestic equipment, MUST keep the following facts in mind if she would do so successfully:

## REMEMBER

Sugar is a preservative. In eliminating sugar you eliminate about 50 per cent. of your surety of success.

## CONSEQUENTLY

To can successfully without sugar you must select perfect fruit.

You must have perfectly sterilized cans.

New and perfect rubbers.

AND

You must produce in each sealed jar at least a 98 per cent. perfect vacuum.

## Choosing Your Fruit.

Utmost care must be taken in the selection of fruit to be canned in this way. Beware of over-ripeness. Bacteria breed quickly and at the first indication of "speaking" or softening it is unsafe to attempt preserving by this method.

Every woman has "put up" in the old days, fruit that was just on the borderland of being too ripe for use. We made our "butter," jams, et cetera, of this class of produce, and with success. But we used plenty of sugar at 4 cents a pound. We cannot afford to use sugar at 30 cents a pound with the old lawlessness even if we could secure it. So don't run risks with other than perfect fruit.

## Test Your Jars.

If you use the old-fashioned jar, which is still the standby of most housewives, be absolutely sure that the grooves for the screw top are perfect; mate your jars and lids before the rubbers are adjusted so that you are sure the lids will screw down straight and quickly.

All of us have had the experience of a screw top lid going on slightly crooked, though apparently tight. DON'T TAKE CHANCES OF THIS SORT IN SUGARLESS

CANNING. Also don't forget that the time and trouble taken in this matching up of your jars and lids will add to the speed of sealing, and SPEED IN SEALING EACH JAR IS A REQUISITE IN SUGARLESS CANNING.

Also be sure that the lids themselves are perfect. Most screw top lids—all, in fact, that are worth using—have an inner cap of white glass. This cap must be perfectly tight. Test each one with your fingers, and if it shows the slightest degree of looseness, discard the lid. There is air under the loosened cap, and no way on earth—that I ever heard of—to get it out. And last, but not least, DON'T try to use old rubbers (be aware of this economical trick of putting two old rubbers on a can instead of one new one) and inspect each carefully, discarding any that indicate the possibility of pin bubbles in the rubber.

## Actual Process.

The whole success of keeping fruit without the aid of sugar as a preservative is to seal it in as perfect a vacuum as possible. A perfect vacuum cannot be produced outside a laboratory, but a quick handed woman with strong wrists can go far toward producing air tight jars.

## Here are the MUSTS:

The FRUIT must be BOILING HOT.

CANS, LIDS AND RUBBERS must be STERILIZED.

Here is how I do it:

I can only one jar at a time.

Place the empty can in hot water deep enough to reach within an inch and a half of the top of the can. The rubber has already been put in place. Next, fill the can with the boiling fruit, using a can funnel so there is no danger of spilling any on the outside of the can and getting the rubber wet. When the can is filled to within about a quarter of an inch of the top, remove the funnel and carefully finish filling the can with a spoon.

Next, screw the lid down as tight as you can without lifting the jar out of the hot water. When you have done this, lift out the jar with a jar lifter (don't pick it up by the partially tightened top) protect your hands with towels, and twist the top down as tightly as

possible. Allow the jars to stand upright until cool enough to handle with the bare hands, then stand on their heads in some place where they may remain without having to be moved for 24 hours. Inspect each jar before storing in the fruit closet. If any show bubbles, open, and re-can. There will be a slight untightening in the jar top to the contraction of the contents during the process of cooling.

## Easiest Canned.

Semi-tart berries that grow on bushes (strawberries are not in this class) are the easiest fruits to can without sugar. I always put up a good many elderberries, huckleberries and blueberries for pies and puddings. I never put sugar in these at the time of canning, and I have never lost a jar.

Of course, I do not attempt to serve this type of fruit as a sauce, and consequently it is always re-cooked with sugar, thus bringing out the flavor. Blackberries, raspberries and grapes can be used for pies and puddings can be put up in this way, too, also gooseberries and currants.

## Light Syrup.

Cherries come under the class of fruits discussed above. They can be canned with a fair degree of safety without sugar, and can be made palatable at the time of using by the addition of the sweet then, but most of the larger fruits cannot be put up with any great degree of success without at least a light syrup.

Besides the preservative value of sugar, in the case of peaches, plums, pears and quinces, it must be remembered that it takes much less sugar to adequately sweeten cooked fruit in its first heated condition than after it has cooled. Also fruit canned in sugar—even a very light syrup—has the advantage of standing in the syrup and thoroughly absorbing all the sweet-ness.

A "light syrup" is made in the proportion of one cup of sugar to a quart of fruit.

There is no trick or mystery about canning. Luck has nothing to do with it. The process is perfectly simple and definite. Accuracy and care assure success.

MARY.

## A New Lot

of

Wash  
Frocks  
at \$9.75

Voile and Organdie Frocks were added to the July Clearance Sale displays yesterday—among them some of the smartest styles we have been able to find—each one would be fairly priced even at \$20.00—on sale at \$9.95 while they last.

Osgood's  
for  
QualityThese Are Very  
Exceptional ValuesBeginning  
ThursdayAnnual  
Clearance

of

Summer  
Footwear

for Men, Women &amp; Children

This will be our regular yearly disposal of seasonable Shoes, Oxfords and Pumps—in fact, our entire Summer stock—and prices will positively be low than ever. In many instances there will be offerings at less than the wholesale cost.

See Wednesday Papers for Prices

Kline's  
SHOE STORE

320 Main St.—Fairmont

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

## Mr. Tingaling Gets Wet.

Tingaling, lying in Chirk Chipmunk's bed, recovering from his bruises after he had fallen through the rickety stairs in Chirk's house (clear to the cellar) heard it thundering outside.

"Well, well," he said to the twins. "It's going to storm. I'm afraid! I'll just rest a spell in bed here then, and my bruises will have a better chance to get well. But when the sun comes out, we'll have to be going or rent-day will be over before I get around to all the animals in the Land-of-Deer-Knows-Where. And when I'm late getting around they have all their money spent and—"

I don't know what he was going to say next, nor will anybody else. 'Cause why? A great big rain-drop had come down plop right onto the end of his nose, washing off the coal-dust and making a



"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Tingaling," he said assuringly, "I always sleep this way."

cute little lake. Tingaling quite forgot what he was going to say. He was so surprised. Rain in the house! Incomprehensible! Mystification!

No, it couldn't be! His brain was still playing him tricks after his bad bump. Surely! But, splash! A another drop made a puddle on his right cheek. Nancy saw it, so did Nick. Then another made a pool on his left cheek. And in another minute, pitter, patter, drop, splash! Little rain-drops were making rivers and lakes and oceans all over him, right there in bed. It was raining perfect puppy-dogs through a big hole in the roof.

Chirk hurried to the closet, returning with his best green cotton umbrella, and raising it, he spread it carefully over the fairymant landlord. "Don't be alarmed, Mr. Tingaling," he said assuringly, "I always sleep this way. I haven't slept without an umbrella over me for a year come April Fool's Day. I put dish-pans and buckets around, too."

But Tingaling wasn't going to lie in such a downpour. Out he crawled, bruises and all!

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

## COPS SAY MINNIE

HAD "TAKING WAYS."

MEMPHIS.—Minnie Cherry is a "champane clothes thief," the cops here allege. Minnie, so they say, hired out to four families within a month and each time left with a greatly enlarged wardrobe. She's awaiting trial.

## MOTHER'S FRIEND

Expectant Mothers

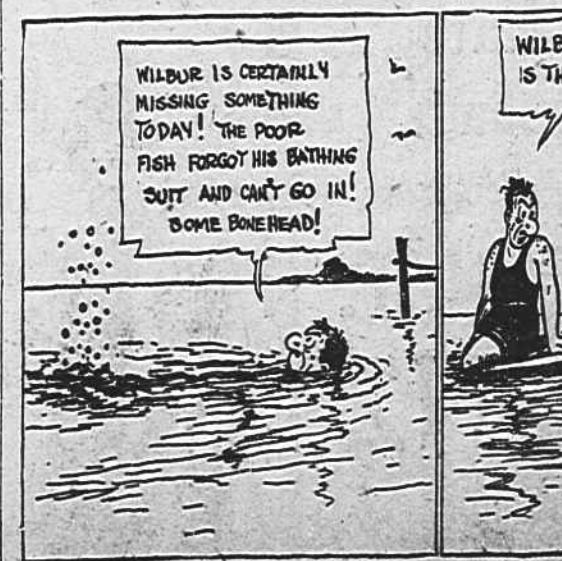
A Speedy Recovery

Special Tablets on Market—Sold and Made Free

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. DET. 523, ALBANY, GA.

(To Be Continued.)

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR COULDN'T STAND STAYING OUT.)—BY ALLMAN.



WILBUR IS CERTAINLY MISSING SOMETHING TODAY! THE POOR FISH FORGOT HIS BATHING SUIT AND CAN'T GO IN! COME BONEHEAD!



WILBUR, IS THAT YOU?



WHERE DID YOU GET A BATHING SUIT?



I BORROWED IT



WHO'S DID YOU BORROW?



OLIVIA'S